

THE CHILHOWEE ECHO

A Woman's Journal

VOL. 8.

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, MAY 12, 1900.

NO. 2.

REFRIGERATORS

There are many kinds, but only one best, that's The North Star. Its cork lined. The first cost of a refrigerator is small compared with the cost of ice during the life of the Refrigerator. It's poor economy to buy a common box for a refrigerator, although the first cost be small. If you want an ice saver try a North Star, they always satisfy—we're agents. Shall be pleased to have you call and examine and get prices.

YELLOW FRONT. Woodruff Hardware Co. RETAIL DEPT.

City National Bank

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

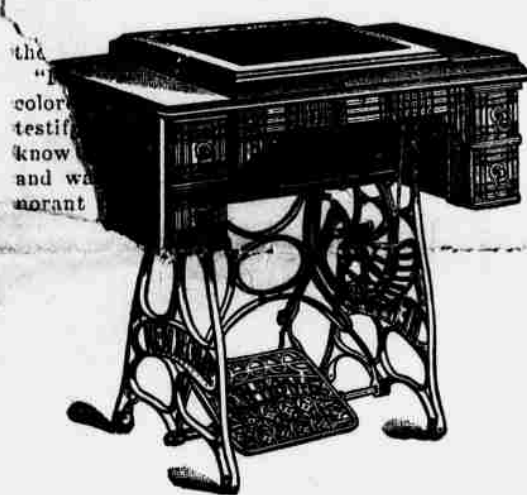
Capital.....\$200,000.
Profits.....\$ 53,000.

WM. S. SHIELDS, PRESIDENT.

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Try the Light Running "New Home"



SEWING MACHINE

This splendid Family Machine is handled in Knoxville exclusively by

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Capital.....\$175,000
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Lightning Ice Cream Freezers

Alaska * Refrigerators

Two articles that are too well known for us to use valuable space trying to set forth an acknowledged fact that they are the best the market affords. ENOUGH SAID.

McClung, Buffat & Buckwell.

Knoxville Carpet Renovating and AWNING WORKS

A. R. THOMAS, Prop.

Respectfully solicit your patronage. We make house cleaning easy. The only Steam Carpet Renovating Works in the City. First class work guaranteed.

1500 BROADWAY. PHONES: Old 1175. New 661.

AWNINGS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER. PRICES REASONABLE.

A Home Industry Depending on Home trade. Give us a trial.

In Spite Of Fate.

BY DR. H. A. MOODY.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

THEY say when a fellow gets drowned in this river he never is found," he said, addressing Roscoe.

"That's odd," said Roscoe, "looking askant at the turbid stream. "Why is it so, do you suppose?"

"It's full of big catfish," answered Mr. Dancy.

Capt. Prewett turned toward him with a look of disgust on his face.

"Well," he exclaimed, "you needn't be uneasy; you wasn't born to be drowned," and he turned away.

Perhaps if he had seen the lurid hate that gleamed upon him for an instant from those muddy eyes he would not so lightly have turned his thoughts elsewhere. When across the river they struck into the pathless wilderness, taking a due southwest course. They had proceeded in this direction about a mile, when Capt. Prewett checked his horse. "I believe old Buster's about to strike a trail," he said.

Roscoe looked at the brindle hound indicated and saw that he was busily smelling of the twigs and grass around him, occasionally thrusting his nose into tufts and sniffing the ground suspiciously.

"If we start a deer along here, what shall I do to get a shot at it?" inquired Roscoe.

"You just listen which way the dogs seem to be running, and keep alongside of them as near as you can. The deer will turn first one way and then another and is as likely as not to come right to you. Keep as near the dogs as you can, and when you lose them stop right where you happen to be till you hear my horn. Then holler back to me and come toward me; but don't try to go through any tall cane, for you won't find any deer there, and you might get into a d—l of a fix."

Capt. Prewett gave these directions himself, keeping his eye on Buster all the time. At that moment the dog seemed to make up his mind, for he threw up his head and uttered a long, low, musical cry that reverberated through the forest like the note of a mellow horn.

"Now for it!" exclaimed the Captain, his form expanding and his eye flashing. "Keep as close to him as you can. Good fellow! Good Buster! Whoop! go for him, boy!" rang out his stentorian voice.

For a few minutes the hunters slowly followed the dogs, stopping now and then while they hunted for the trail, but the pack began to close up on it and to lead out faster, until it took brisk riding to keep up with them. All at once with one accord they redoubled their outcries and dashed rapidly forward with their noses high in the air, taking the scent from the twigs and cane through which they ran. At this moment Mr. Dancy diverged suddenly to the left and urged his bony steed into a trot.

"Where are you going, Dancy?" shouted the Captain.

"I'm going to the head of 'Possum Lake, over here; maybe he'll cross there," and he was gone.

Capt. Prewett reined up his horse and stared after the ungainly figure in blank astonishment.

"Now, don't that beat a hog a-lying!" he exclaimed.

"What?" inquired Roscoe.

"How the devil does he know anything about 'Possum Lake? I didn't know he was ever here in his life." So saying, he put his spurs to his horse and dashed at break-neck speed after the dogs. * * * * * Nearer and nearer came the dogs. Where can the deer be! An opening free from trees, covered with weeds about a yard high, was just beyond him. He jumped from the log and ran to its nearer edge. Ah! a silver-grey animal, with high branching antlers, comes leaping with long graceful bounds from the other side. He tries to cover it with his gun; but now in the air, now out of sight, he finds it impossible. Ere he is aware of it the deer is among large trees that interfere with his aim, and in mortified despair he lowers his gun without firing, for he knows it is useless to fire at random. "I won't tell Capt. Prewett of this," he muttered. The deer was going straight to the root of the fallen tree upon which he had been standing. Suddenly it stopped. Its keen sense of smell had detected the presence of its enemy. It gazed warily around. Then it changed its course and came directly toward him. When it was within fifty feet of him he shot it down in the midst

of one of its splendid bounds. It fell, struggled a few moments, and was dead—shot through the heart. He took out his knife and cut its throat. The next minute he was kept busy in preventing the dogs from mangling the graceful form. By dint of much scolding and some whipping he succeeded in making them behave. They desisted from their efforts to tear it, and lay down in picturesque attitudes around the deer, gazing upon it with a look of satisfaction almost human, and panted with wide open mouths. "I wonder what in the world I shall do with it," he said; but at that moment he heard the horn of Capt. Prewett about half a mile away, and gave a loud hallo! to which an answering shout replied. In a few minutes the Captain rode up and contemplated the game.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Trip With Bryan.

The following extract from a letter written by Mrs. Frazier, wife of Chaplain J. B. Frazier of the flagship Olympia, will be interesting to many who had the pleasure of meeting the writer and her celebrated husband on their visit to Knoxville last fall.

As the presidential pot boils harder and new ingredients are being constantly added the interest grows apace. Around each candidate there clusters a large share of curiosity.

During Mr. Bryan's recent trip through California I had the pleasure of being on his special car for part of the trip. Judging from the enthusiasm displayed by the crowds who gathered to hear him one is constrained to believe that free silver will win the day in California.

San Diego, the most southern city of California, where the people have gone overwhelmingly republican, gave Mr. B. such an ovation—"even the oldest inhabitant had never seen any thing like it." It was here that we joined his party, accompanying him to Los Angeles.

Although worn out by the fatigue of his long trip across the continent and very hoarse from frequent speaking in the open air, at every station Mr. B. had a happy smile and a few pleasant words for the eager crowd. The trip was almost like the triumphal march through his own country of a returning hero. At many places his car was fairly pelted with gorgeous flowers; at other it was loaded with California's choice fruits—and I must not forget the kodak fiends who infested the way. Poor Bryan, he was snapped in every possible attitude. He secretly confided to me that that was one thing which really embarrassed him and he thoroughly detested. However, for my part I think he is quite fond of all attention the applause of the multitude and the hurrahs of the people. I think the most winning thing about Mr. B. is his straightforward way of looking at you. He throws back his broad shoulders, slightly tilts or elevates his head, and looks you squarely in the face as though challenging your admiration. Then his "hand-shake" is very cordial and winning. There is an eagerness about it which almost amounts to an appeal, making the "shaken" party feel as though he is making a direct request for your vote.

One very amusing thing occurred at a small station where our train stopped for a moment. We were standing on the rear platform of the car when an old negro stepped up and asked, "Is de honorable Wm. Jennings Bryan on dis kah?" Just then Mr. B. himself stepped out. The old negro recognized him at once, exclaiming, "Lor, bress Gawd, dar he is, sho' enuf." He looked at Mr. B. for a minute then put out his hand. Mr. B. shook hands with him which seemed for a time to please the old negro very much—then a look of sad disappointment came over his face when he did not see the expected piece of silver shining in his palm—then he again said, "Why, Boss, I frount dat dere wuz allus a piece of silver left aftah you shook hands." Bryan was equal to the occasion and said, "Why, uncle, didn't that quarter stick? Well, that just shows that you didn't vote for me last time, it only sticks to those who voted for me in the last election." The old negro's face brightened. "But dere's anudder time comin', ain't dere, Boss?" Just then the train started. Mr. Bryan put out his hand and said, "Good-bye, uncle." That time the quarter stuck, Bryan now has another vote. I think I understand why the labor-

ing class are such supporters of Mr. B. I noticed that when he was addressing a crowd composed chiefly of laborers there was a very perceptible chord of sympathy in his voice, and a look of understanding and appeal which seemed to say, "How often would I have gathered thy (ye) children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not."

At Los Angeles was a fitting climax for the trip. For hours before the arrival of our train the crowd was packed for blocks around the station. At night the crowd was twice as large as the big hall would accommodate. Here another amusing thing occurred. The women of the W. C. T. U. sent Mr. B. an elaborate floral of white carnations because of his total abstinence principles. Imagine their chagrin next day upon hearing that Mr. B. attended a champagne supper that night after his speech. After worrying themselves about sick over their blunder a gentleman who was also there assured them that Mr. B. drank only Shasta water. But I don't know nor do they.

On the same train with us was Judge Taft who was on his way to San Francisco to sail for the Philippine Islands as president of the Philippine commission. Mr. Bryan engaged him in an argument on imperialism, both are very adroit reasoners, but Judge Taft won the day, yet Mr. B. bore his defeat gracefully which is one of his admirable traits.

At Los Angeles we bade Mr. B. goodbye. He continuing his journey into New Mexico, etc., while we came here to beautiful Santa Monica for a few days to enjoy the delightful surf bathing and sea fishing, and sailing before going up the coast to British Columbia. Mrs. J. B. FRAZIER.

Announcement.

Announcement to the club women who are to compose the Fifth Biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs to be held in Milwaukee, Wis., June 4-9, 1900. The Biennial Committee finds that in order to show adequately what the General Federation is accomplishing through the individual clubs and the State Federations of which it is composed, also to call attention in the most superficial manner to a few kindred subjects which are considered well worthy the attention of the Federation, it must prepare for ten sessions. These with the preliminary and closing meetings which are provided for by the constitution, the evening meetings and the very important business meetings will consume the week for which we have been invited to Milwaukee. In order that delegates may leave for home Saturday, June 9th, it is found necessary for the Council to meet Saturday, June 4th, at 11:00 a. m., and the meeting for reports of State chairmen of correspondence and State presidents Monday afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock.

There is every reason to think there will be a large attendance at the Biennial; the central location of Milwaukee makes it easy of access, and the question of reorganization has increased the interest and will add to the attendance. The club women of Milwaukee supported in most substantial manner by its Citizens' Business League, are making the most elaborate and careful preparations to receive the Federation. The entertainments which have been offered the board are many and most fascinating from their varied character. It has been an "embarrassment of riches," and most reluctantly has the committee declined many of these hospitable invitations from lack of time to accept them.

Enough have been accepted, however, to allow the women of Milwaukee to make a record for themselves, and the committee feels warranted in saying that in all social affairs the Fifth Biennial will not suffer by comparison with those which have preceded it. The programme proper is slowly approaching completion; the three standing committees of Education, Art and Industrial Conditions have given much time and thought to their work and each will conduct most attractive and comprehensive sessions. The other sessions are in the hands of those well fitted to report upon and show progress in their respective departments. Each Biennial has been in a sense a preparation and a prophecy of the one that should succeed it. In the preparation for the Fifth Biennial the aim of its committee from first to last has been to give the clubs an opportunity to report upon the efforts to make practical the theories which have been set forth at the earlier Biennials.

The committee has secured a room in the Alhambra building as permanent headquarters for state presidents and ex-presidents. As the meetings of the

Federations are held in the Alhambra Theatre, those for whom this room has been provided will find it most convenient as a place for conference, or for any more formal meetings should they desire to hold them. Fraternally yours, C. B. BUCHWALTER, Chairman Biennial Committee.

An Explanation.

DEAR ECHO: Mrs. Eva W. Malone, in her very bright letter concerning the Alabama Press Club meeting, in your last issue, closes by saying: "En passant, let me whisper to our Tennessee Press Club, Alabama does not let her press women go to the hotel."

The women of the Tennessee Women's Press Club prefer to lodge at a hotel, deciding, at their organization meeting that they thus had greater freedom and independence of movement when not in session or in attendance upon some entertainment planned in their honor. It was not considered desirable to go outside of our membership to solicit homes for our delegates, and the club has grown to such proportions that the tax would be too great upon the hospitality of the few members residing in the city or town in which the meeting happened to be held. Let any organization that so elects adopt the other plan, but the Tennessee press women prefer to pay for their own lodging.

Very respectfully,
ELIZABETH FRY PAGE,
Secretary Tennessee W. P. C.
Personal.

Mrs. John Calloway and children and her mother, Mrs. Newton, left Thursday for Madison, Georgia, to spend the summer.

At the Spring Festival in Selma, Ala., Miss Annie Armstrong is to be queen. They could not have chosen one more fitted for this honor than Miss Armstrong, for by her sweet and gracious manners she has won for herself friends at home and elsewhere.

One of the most deplorable accidents that ever occurred in Knoxville, was that of Thursday afternoon, when Mr. Mike Condon and Mr. M. F. Shea were killed, and their wives seriously injured as the result of a runaway team attached to a double seated trolley, driven by Mr. Condon. The whole town extends sympathy to the bereaved families.

The very fact that the Woman's Building Board has charge of the Dewey Banquet is assurance that all will be done that is possible to make the affair a success. These good women know no such word as fail and with the double attraction of Dewey and the tempting menu they have prepared, this affair promises to surpass any previous effort.

The following extract from the Saturday Review, Atlanta, shows how Miss Crozier's work is appreciated in that city: "Miss Crozier, at the Woman's Club on Tuesday afternoon, spoke in a most delightful way on the subject of the Home and the School. The clear, direct and forcible manner in which she gave much valuable information and advice was a genuine treat. It is very plain that educators of her type thoroughly understand what the world needs and will ere long reform our system of education."

The Chattanooga News says: The Knoxville queen traveled in a carriage profusely decorated in white and green hydrangeas. Four splendid animals driven by one of the handsomest young women in the world was the first thing about this float to attract attention, and the beauty and grace of Miss Johnston and her attendants was the subject for much applause. Those who represented Knoxville at the Spring Festival were:

Queen—Miss Sue Johnston.
Maid—Misses Janie Johnston, Carrie Taylor and Goddard, of St. Louis.
Knights—J. P. Gant, W. Hepburn Sanders, S. S. Dunlap, of Macon, and A. S. Bowman, of Lexington, Ky.

One of the most delightful card parties of the season was the one given by Mrs. J. B. Harrison on Tuesday afternoon of last week. Hearts was chosen as the game and beautiful flower shaped score cards painted by Misses Ragsdale and Manning were used. About forty ladies enjoyed the hospitality of this charming hostess. Mrs. A. P. White proving herself the most skillful player was awarded a beautiful blotter with the inscription, "Blot out my faults but not my memory." Mrs. McMullen received a lovely smelling bottle as second prize and Mrs. Douglas won the consolation. Dainty and delicious refreshments were served while the orchestra played familiar airs.